

## Memorare Novissima.

**D**I ES ira, dies illa  
Solvat Sæclum in Favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus Tremor est futurus  
Quando Judex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per Sepulchra Regionum  
Coget omnes ante Thronum.

Mors Stupebit & Natura,  
Cum resurget Creatura  
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur  
In quo totum continetur  
Unde Mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quicquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum Miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem Patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix Justus sit securus.

Rex tremendæ Majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, Fons Pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum Causa tuæ vix:  
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Jube Jube Victoris,  
Donum fac Remissionis,  
Ante diem Rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
Gulpâ rubet Vultus meus;  
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et Latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
Sed tu bonus, fac benigne  
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acerbis addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex & acclivis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei Finis.

Lachrymosa dies illa,  
Quâ resurget ex favilla  
Judicandus homo reus;  
Huic ergo parce Deus.

**D**AY of Doom that dreadful day  
Shall the World in Synders lay,  
David and Sibylla say.

What a fear will all surprise  
When the Judge aloft in Skies  
Comes to hold the great Assize.

The last Trump with direful groan  
Through the graves and Regions blown  
Summons all before the Throne.

Death and Nature both will quake  
When Mankind from sleep awake  
Riseth his Account to make.

Dooms-day Book shall be ordain'd  
In which all things are contain'd  
Whereof man must be arraign'd.

When the Judge is seated so,  
All that's secret all shall know,  
Nothing unreveald shall go.

Wretch how shall I then endure  
To answer, or whose aide procure,  
When the just is scarce secure.

King of dreadful glory (mine)  
Who sav'st freely those are thine,  
Save me Fount of Love divine.

Jesu sweet remember, I  
Am the cause thou cam'st to dye;  
Damn me not eternally.

Thou Judge of vengeance And,  
Pardon of my sins renew,  
Ere the Counting day ensue.

Guilty like I wail my case,  
Shame of sin doth stain my face;  
Spare me God, who beg for grace.

Thou who Mary didst forgive,  
And the dying Thief reprieve,  
Hope to me dost also give.

Though my prayer deserves no hire,  
Yet good Lord grant my desire,  
I may escape eternal fire.

With thy sheep let me abide,  
From the goats me far divide.  
Place me on thy own right side.

When the wicked are suppress'd,  
And to direful flames address'd,  
Call me to thee with the blest.

Lowly prostrate I do pray,  
With a heart contrite as clay,  
Guard me in my dying day.

This is, loe, that day of Doom,  
Wherein man from ashie Tomb,  
Unto Judgment shall arise,  
Spare him (God) who mercy cries.

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